THE

DAY

840. l. 13
4

OF

JUDGMENT.

A

POEM.

By Mr. *BALLY.*

Written for Mr. SEATON's Prize, but REJECTED.

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The Author being at a Diſtance from the Preſs, the Reader is deſired to correct the following Errata.

PAGE 5. L. 18. for *Wrapt* read *Rapt*. P. 12. L. 16. for *Or* read *As*. P. 12. L. 3. for *Courſe* read *Corſe*. P. 13. L. 9. for *dimfaded* with a Hyphen, read it without. P. 19. L. 18. for *fain* read *fair*. P. 22. L. 14. for *Their* read *Thin*. P. 23. L. 16. *Omniſcience pleas'd*, dele Comma. P. 24. L. 16. for *Mood* read *Meed*. P. 25. L. 7. for *Victor's* read *Victors*. P. 30. L. 17. for *er'ſt* read *erſt*. P. 31. L. 8. after *Air* put Period . P. 31. L. 12. for *the* read *th'*

THE
DAY
OF
JUDGMENT.

FOE to each Strain, which ſooths th'unhallow'd Ear,
And violates the Dignity of Song,
The Chriſtian Muſe exults to catch her Flame
From Altars of the living God, to drink
Her Inſpiration from the Fount of Truth.
Glorious her Theme and ſolemn! fit to ſwell
The Raptures of a Seraph, when with Hymn
Ecſtatic, to his golden Harp attun'd,
He makes the Throne of Deity reſound.

DEIGN, Holy Spirit, in thy *Sibyl*'s Breaſt,
If pure the Shrine, and for th'Illapſe prepar'd,
To plant a Ray of thy celeſtial Light,
That ſo the viſionary Maid, enlarg'd
Her Tone and Feature, may with awful Sound
Utter immortal Myſteries, may ſing
The Glories of thy Kingdom: how, transfixt
With his own Arrows, Death ſhall yield his Prey,
And groan in ſullen Agonies his laſt:
How Time ſhall join Eternity's Abyſs,
And mingling ſink ingulf'd: how Earth ſhall tremble
With fruitful Throes, and heave with quicken'd Duſt,
Man burſting from the Priſon of his Tomb
(By Shocks without, by Fears within appall'd)
To meet the dread Award; to ſee his God,
In all the Splendors of judicial Pomp
Array'd, deſcending from the empyreal Skies.

WHEN ſiren Pleaſure ſpreads her guilty Charms,
And ſummons all her Blandiſhments to melt

Thy Manhood into Softneſs, and debaſe
The Heav'n-ſtamp'd Image to a grov'ling Brute;
Or when Ambition waves her plumy Creſt,
And with the gaudy Pageant fires thy Blood;
Prompts to break moral Ties, as Chains that bind
Heroic Worth, and check fair Fame's Career;
Heir of eternal Life, reflect, O Man,
What to thyſelf thou ow'ſt, whoſe endleſs Doom
Hangs on this ſquander'd Moment, or the next.
To ſpecious Phantoms, by thy Paſſions dreſt
In pleaſing Gloſs, let Fancy's magic Glance
Oppoſe the final and tremendous Scene:
Think that thou ſee'ſt the Veil etherial rent
Th' Omniſcient Judge diſcloſe, begirt with Pow'r
Paternal: ſhudder at th' imagin'd Sound
Of the loud-pealing Trump, which Nature hears
Shook from her priſtin Functions, and convuls'd:
Wrapt in ſad Trance behold the teeming Graves
Yawn and unhouſe their Tenants, trooping all

Where the bright Standard of th' enſanguin'd Croſs
Waves o'er the Throne imperial, in mid Air:
Image thyſelf from ſubterranean Cell
Thruſt into Light, and ſummon'd to the Bar,
Pallid, aghaſt, and trembling for thy Doom,
Heav'n op'ning all her Joys, her Torments Hell.
If to thy Mind this Picture were diſplay'd
In all its heighten'd Colourings of Awe,
Deep wou'd th' Impreſſion ſink: no worldly Lure
Wou'd tempt the Riſque of an immortal Soul.
Superior to the Glitter of a Crown,
To *India*'s Wealth, or Beauty's roſeate Smile,
Touch'd by Religion's Ray, thy kindling Spirit
Wou'd ſoar on Adoration's Eagle Wing
To the Triune all-glorious Sun: there drink
Large Draughts inſatiate from the bliſsful Fount,
In Ecſtaſies ineffable diſſolv'd.

In that portentous Hour, when ev'ry Heart
Shall groan, and ſympathize with Nature's Pang,

When

When the World, unſubſtantial as its Joys,
Shall like a flitting Shadow melt away,
What ſhall ſuſtain the Soul? What ſhoot a Beam
Of Conſolation thro' the ſolid Gloom?
What? but a Retroſpection of the Paſt,
If, brighten'd with good Deeds, the Proſpect ſhew
No darker Spots than Errors of Surprize:
If, liſted in the Service of thy God,
Tenacious of thine Oath thou ſtood'ſt the Siege
Of Satan, unſubdu'd, tho' all his Wiles
Combin'd with direful Enginery aſſail'd
The more than ſtoic Fortreſs of thy Heart:
Or if, ſeduc'd, and yielding to his Snares,
Thy Soul, with deep Contrition ſmit, bewail'd
Her baſe Defection, and with fervent Pray'r,
And vow'd Amendment to the Throne of Grace
Suppliant return'd, and ſtruggled for the Boon.
Then Conſcience, Flame implanted from above
To guide thro' Life's dark Wild our devious Steps,

(That ſmiles an Angel, or a Dæmon frowns)
Will ſing her ſoothing Requiem to thy Breaſt.
Much will it chear thee, if amidſt the Crowd
An Orphan or a Widow meet thine Eye,
Whoſe lighten'd Woes confeſs'd thy foſt'ring Hand:
If mild Forgiveneſs in thy Boſom glow'd,
Thy Friends embracing, nor excluding Foes,
This thy bleſt Saviour, Unexhauſted Source
Of Love and Mercy! when He deign'd to ſhroud
The Godhead in Mortality's frail Robe,
Enjoin'd and practis'd. Heaven is bound to pay
What Man's Benevolence expends on Man.
Than Charity no fairer ſweeter Flow'r
The Chriſtian Chaplet weaves. All other Virtues
Their End attain'd ſhall ceaſe for ever. Hope
Shall in Fruition's Ocean be abſorpt,
And Faith in Certainty's Meridian blaze.
But This ſweet Bud, tranſplanted from the bleak
Ungenial Nurſery below, ſhall bloom

Immortal in ambroſial *Eden*'s Bow'rs,
And with diffuſive Odours glad all Heaven.

THUS taught to ſhun the Perils of that Storm,
Which ſhall the Wicked wreck, but waft the Good,
Propitious, to calm Ports of endleſs Joy;
The Muſe embolden'd will her Taſk purſue,
And all the dread amazing Scene unfold:
Reckleſs, tho' Man condemn her frigid Strain,
If Heav'n her modulated Life applaud,
The better Song! and in that ſolemn Day,
Which trembling now ſhe meditates to ſing,
Deign to beſtow the bright unwith'ring Wreath.

TIME's moſt ſtupendous Birth, by glaring Types
Prefigur'd, by the dark myſterious Voice
Of holy Seers announc'd, by God Himſelf
(Empty'd of Glory, and in Fleſh reveal'd)
Foreſhewn in noontide Luſtre, now diſclos'd
Frowns horrible on Earth's awaken'd Sons.
Yet (ſo infenſate, and obdur'd is Guilt)

Tho' the moſt awful Enſigns of Diſmay,
Dark'ning the Face of Nature, had proclaim'd
The World's approaching Obſequies, yet Man
Graſps ſublunary Shadows, pictur'd Clouds,
And anchors on the toſſing Wave his Hope.
So in the Days of *Noah*, tho' forewarn'd,
Ere the Flood burſt, and whelm'd their impious Heads,
The playful Votaries of *Belial* gorg'd
Their rav'ning Palate, and in all the Luxe
Of lawleſs Joys, and wild Intemp'rance rag'd.
But now, like Centinels aſleep by thoſe
They dread ſurpriz'd, they ſtart, they ſtare, they groan,
And read their woeful Sentence in their Fears.

For lo! the Judge, with Myriads in his Train,
Angelic Cohorts, Hierarchal Pow'rs,
And all the thron'd Dominions of the Sky,
Proud to adorn the Triumphs of this Day,
From the bright Empyrêan bends to Earth
His radiant Progreſs. Earth to th' inmoſt Center

Shakes to and fro aſtounded. Hark! the Trump
Ætherial pours the ſleep-diſpelling Blaſt,
And bellows in the Concave of her Womb
Parturient of Life, and big with Man.
Nature reverſt her Lord's beheſt obeys,
Her Dead with Breath inſpir'd, her Quick transform'd.
The vaulted Tombs, the cloud-capt Pyramids,
Hear the loud-echo'd Summons, and refund
The treaſur'd Reliques, faithful to their Truſt.
Nor only labours monumental Earth
With human Births. Each Element throughout
Glows in this Work; and feels the Seeds of Man
Unravel from its complicated Maſs.
From the four Winds, by Voice divine compell'd,
Thick ſwarming Atoms thro' the clouded Air
Precipitate their Flight, to build anew
The moulder'd Frame; no more to be diſſolv'd!
And now its priſtin Tenement renew'd,
The Soul long exil'd, which perhaps had roam'd,

A reſtleſs Fugitive, the blue Expanſe,
Or, wheeling nearer to lov'd Earth her Flight,
Hover'd impatient o'er th' impriſon'd Courſe;
Or, touching on the Confines of her Doom,
Had wiſh'd, or fear'd the grand deciſive Day;
True to its nuptial Tie, this Soul returns,
And weds a Partner, which ſhall live for ever.

O RAPTURE to the Juſt! to think that they,
When ev'ry Planet, ſtricken from its Orb,
Shall fade, and o'er a ruin'd Univerſe
Darkneſs incumbent ſpread her Raven Wing,
That they, emerging from the Wreck, ſhall ſhine,
Like cluſt'ring Stars around the Sun of Glory,
In Firmaments unconſcious of Decay!
See! how their brighten'd Cheek with Tranſport glows,
Or, riſing from their dank and wormy Bed,
They moult Corruption! all on Wing they dart
Their Wiſhes, and anticipate the Skies.
Ah! how unlike the Wicked! the ſcar'd Muſe

Starts at the conjur'd Spectres. Grant, O Lord,
The Poet may not in that Group be ſeen;
But ſhun thoſe Terrors, which in Fancy chill
His Blood, and with a Stygian Vapour blot
Each fair Idea dawning on his Mind!
Slow and reluctant from their Dungeon's Gloom
They riſe unjoyous. Happier, if they ne'er
Had riſen from Death's dark oblivious Vale!
On their dim-faded Brow ſits pale Diſmay,
And from their haggard Eyes, ſhockt with each Sight,
Each Sound that meets their Ear, wild Horror glares:
And Deſperation, that internal Hell,
Their Mein with Sorrow's blackeſt Shade imbrowns.

BUT, hark! again the Trumpet's direful Clang,
Mixt with triumphal Shouts of banner'd Hoſts
Ruſhing from high, th' affrighted Welkin rends,
And to a congregated World proclaims
The Deity's Approach. On radiant Clouds
From pureſt Æther ſpun, as on a Car,

Borne thro' the yielding Air he comes, and Earth,
Unable to ſuſtain th' effulgent Beam
Of Godhead, with her adamantine Hills
Shrinks at his Preſence, and like Wax diſſolves.
Lo! thro' the vaſt extenſive Cope of Heaven
Swells an immeaſurable Arch, with all
The gay Diverſities of Light diſtinct,
The dread Tribunal of our Judge. Imblaz'd
With Glory's richeſt Veſture, there he ſits
Obvious to ev'ry Eye. Stars confluent crowd
Into a Wreath imperial for their King.
His Glance outſhines the Sun; and, when he waves
Th' ambroſial beamy Treſſes of his Head,
Tremble the Skies, and all Creation ſhakes.

TRANSCENDENT Majeſty of CHRIST! ſublim'd
To Splendor from Contempt, to higheſt Bliſs
From Depths of Woe for us ſuſtain'd! How chang'd
From him, whoſe ſacred Temples bled beneath
Th' inſulting Preſſure of a thorny Crown!

From

From him, who judg'd, condemn'd by vaſſal Man,
Death's deadlieſt Pang endur'd; and, to the Sun
Expos'd, who fled the Spectacle abhorr'd,
Shook *Calvary*'s dire Top, and *Salem*'s Tow'rs
With Groans of agonizing Deity!
Look up, affrighted *Iſrael*, and confeſs,
Amazingly convinc'd, thy ſad Miſtake.
See there th' anointed Lord; the ſame who preſs'd
Thee with endearing Call, beneath the Wings
Of healing Mercy to repoſe, when erſt
He ſojourn'd in thy Tents; a GOD unown'd;
Tho' Nature thunder'd to each Senſe the Truth,
Suſpended at his Beck her Pow'rs, or chang'd!
How this his glorious Advent, grac'd with Pomp
Brighter than that thy carnal Hope preſag'd
Of the firſt Advent, fatally o'erlook'd,
Harrows thy Soul! how all thy Elders mourn!
How droops thy Sanhedrim, abaſht to view
The flaming Banner, and the ſentenc'd Judge!

YET Mercy in that Boſom ſits enthron'd,
E'en for his Foes an Advocate, and melts
The wrathful Flaſhes of that awful Brow
Into ſoft Beams of Tenderneſs. The bleſt
Redeemer mitigates the Judge's Frown.
Elſe who ſo pure, and incorrupt of Heart,
As with unſhaken Hope to fix his Eye
On Majeſty's inſufferable Blaze,
In Terror's dreadfulleſt Array reveal'd?

AND now th' Archangel's Trumpet thro' the vaſt
Expanſe of Univerſe, which trembling ſwells
The lengthen'd Peal, the dire Citation ſounds.
High, o'er the Judgment-ſeat, triumphant floats,
The Dread of Infidels, the Chriſtian's Boaſt,
Th' ennobled Croſs. Where'er its Glories ſtream,
Eternal Crimſon paints the bluſhing Scene.
The Sword of Juſtice, by a Seraph wav'd,
Illumines the wide Air, and hung aloft
Th' eventful righteous Balance flames with Gold.

Hither, in one diffuſive Area's Space,
By ſweeping Whirlwinds level'd to a Plain,
Adam's collective Progeny conven'd,
Myriads on Myriads crowd; in Number more
Than billowing Sands, by Winds tempeſtuous driven
Thro' *Libya*'s treach'rous Soil. How undiſtinguiſh'd
Thy Armies here, proud *Xerxes*, at whoſe Touch
Rivers exhauſted ſhrunk! what but a Drop
To Ocean added, and in Ocean loſt?

SEE! how Earth's Cedars bow their with'ring Head,
Scath'd with the Lightnings, which inceſſant break
From yon tremendous Throne! How quail her *Cæſars*,
Her *Nimrods* and her *Bourbons*, lawleſs Chiefs,
Beneath whoſe waſteful Sword unpeopled Realms,
Ambition's Victim, bled! whoſe Laurels bloom'd,
And wanton'd in the Widow's flowing Tears,
Their guilty Joys bought with Mankind's Diſtreſs!
Curſt the vain Triumph, and the trophy'd Arc,
And all the proud Memorials of their Rage,

The ſtricken Heroes mourn, and wiſh achiev'd
Thoſe Victories, to which th' Angelic Hoſt
Thro' Heav'n's glad Courts applauſive Pæans ſing,
Immortal Victories, and worthy Man,
O'er Paſſions conquer'd, and o'er Self ſubdu'd.
Not ſo the Potentate, whoſe ſpotleſs Life,
Pure as his Ermine, ſhone; who ne'er the Sword
Unſheath'd, but when Religion aſk'd its Aid,
Or his lov'd Country, groaning under Wrongs,
Bade him Oppreſſion's Inſolence chaſtiſe:
Fluſh'd with gay Hopes, and panting for the Palm,
He views th' unfading Crown, for which he toil'd,
Amidſt the ſoft Allurements of a Throne
Firm and unſhaken, when Earth ſaw him ſhed
Balm from his Sceptre o'er a foſter'd Realm.
Ye virtuous *Alfreds*, *Georges*, *Annes*, *Elizas*,
Protectors of your Country and Mankind,
Lift up the Brow of Confidence, aſſume
Th' unbluſhing Mein of Grandeur, and behold

Th' ex-

Th' exceeding Weight of Glory, which your King
Awards to all, who made the Throne a Step
To mount their bleſt Ambition to the Skies.
THE World's Diſtinctions, and its gloſſy Plumes
Are vaniſh'd. Here the Goodneſs of the Heart,
Exuberant in Fruits of holy Life,
Gives Man the juſt Pre-eminence o'er Man.
The Monarch, if, to ev'ry Luſt a Slave,
He bruis'd his Subjects with an iron Rod,
And iſſuing from th' imperial Den, on Blood
And Rapine bent, with Ruin mark'd his Way,
Outcaſt from Light, and to congenial Fiends
Conſign'd, Reverſe deplorable! ſurveys
The Beggar diadem'd, and thron'd in Bliſs.
All Greatneſs, but what aggrandizes Man,
Diminiſht ſhrinks. Pale Beauty hides her Face
Once prais'd, than loath'd Deformity more foul,
Unleſs fain Virtue, beaming from within,
Sheds a celeſtial Radiance o'er the Mein.

Proud boaſtful Science, o'er the midnight Lamp
So oft in vain Reſearches poring, droops
To ſee the Sage now dwindle to a Fool,
Who ne'er in *Zeno*'s Porch, or *Plato*'s Grove,
Explor'd the Path to Happineſs and GOD.

NONE more exult, or with more heighten'd Bloom
Impurpled, on the dread Tribunal fix
The Eye ſerene uprais'd, than thoſe whoſe Breaſt
Glow'd with extenſive Charity, and bade
The Stream benign in widen'd Channels run,
To diſtant Ages circulating Joy,
And Solace as it flow'd. Lo! *Henry* leads
Th' illuſtrious Band. The Clouds, which here o'ercaſt
His penſive Brow, the Storms, which vex'd his Reign,
Are diſſipated all. Immortal Hope
Diſtends his Heart, and glitters in his Eye.
Blood-ſtain'd Uſurper, how the Scorpion Whip
Of Conſcience ulcerates thy bleeding Soul!
How doſt thou wiſh *Boſworth*'s leſs dreaded Plain

Had giv'n the laſt Deciſion to thy Fate!
Hail, pious Prince! and to thy Virtues due
A Crown receive, which no rapacious Hand
Shall raviſh: view a Moment's Woes outweigh'd
By an Eternity of ſolid Bliſs.

Now palſy'd Fear the whole Aſſembly ſhakes,
And burſting Sighs o'er all the Void reſound:
Now e'en the Good Miſgivings feel. For lo!
The Seal of Adamant is broke, and open'd,
Big with the Fate of Man, th' eternal Book.
The Angels, anxious for this Hour which clears
The Mazes of the moral Plan, unveils
Myſterious Depths, which erſt intent to ſcan
They ſtoop'd, and of their Wand'ring found no End,
Throng round the Judge unnumber'd, and behold,
Aſtoniſht, ev'ry dark Enigma ſolv'd,
And Providence aſſerted in his Ways.
The marſhal'd World, obedient to Command,
Forms a two-fold Diviſion; on the Right

The Juſt, the Wicked on the left are rang'd.
So when the genial Spring the turgid Gems
Unlocks, and breathes a Verdure o'er the Meads,
The Shepherd, ſedulous to pour his Flock
O'er the freſh Paſture, the mixt Troop ſurveys,
And bids the fetid and laſcivious Herd
Graze from the bleating Innocents disjoin'd.
Suſpenſe awhile, and dread Amazement holds
The ſtill Creation motionleſs: when lo!
The ſounding Alchymy, by Breath inſpir'd
Of Archangelic Herald, rings a Peal
Of Summons to the Righteous, to attend
The Judge, and hear enounc'd their final Doom.
Their Shades of Doubt amidſt the conſcious Gleams
Bright'ning their Front are interpos'd. As when
A *Roman* Chief, from the well-foughten Field
Returning, felt alternate Paſſions ſway
His Breaſt, now hoping, fearing now leſt all

His Labours might diſparag'd ſink below
The envy'd Prize of Triumph's feſtal Pomp.
WITH placid Brow, at which the Æther ſmiles
Fluſh'd with Redundancy of Light, the Judge
Surveys the choſen Flock, and ſheds abroad
Peace o'er their Hearts, and Luſtre o'er their Mein.
Meek Dove-ey'd Innocence, with Slander's Darts
Oft here tranſpierc'd, and in the ſhuffled Crowd
Of Accidents with Guilt confounded, pure
And ſpotleſs as the recent Snow appears.
Her ſtern Accuſers wither at the Sight,
While Cherubs, with Benevolence o'erflowing,
Clap their exulting Wings, rejoic'd to view
Effulgence of their Sanctitude, and long
To waft their Siſter Spirit to the Skies.
Omniſcience pleas'd, the honeſt Heart inſpects,
His nobleſt Work; and bares the deep Receſs,
Where Charity and Virtue ſit enſhrin'd.
Each unambitious Grace, which, like the Roſe

That paints th' untrodden Wild, in ſecret bloom'd,
Too delicate to bear the ruffling Breath
Of worldly Praiſe, now beams in open Day,
And its unfolded Beauties ſpreads before
Applauding Angels, and a ſmiling GOD.
The Stains, which to the Beſt below adhere,
Moles in a well-ſhap'd Body thinly ſown,
Are by the candid Judge, without a Frown,
From Heav'n's memorial Books eras'd for ever.

O GLORIOUS Trial! where the Juſt, like Gold
By friendly Fire refin'd, with added Weight
And Splendor ſhine conſpicuous, on the Stage
Of an aſſembled World proclaim'd aloud
Their Merit, and by liſt'ning Saints extoll'd!
See ſuff'ring Worth exult, her utmoſt Wiſh
Now more than gratify'd! the weighty Mood
O'erpays her Woes, and with a boundleſs Tide
Perennial Pleaſures burſt upon her Soul.
How glow Religion's Chiefs, whom Threats nor Flames

Could e'er ſubdue; nor all the ſtudy'd Pains,
Which witty Malice forg'd, could ever ſhake
From the firm Baſis of their high Reſolve!
Their gracious GOD inclines his Head, and nods
His Approbation, in their Sorrows pleas'd
To recognize his own; the heav'nly Band
The Victor's greet with Pæans, and rejoice
To add the ſteady Phalanx to their Roll.

HUSH'D be ye Winds! and Earth and Æther, wrapt
In Silence, liſten to your Maker's Voice
Mellifluous, which aloud the mild Award
Enounces thro' your Regions. "Come, ye Bleſt,
"Share the unfading Pleaſures of my Realm,
"Coheirs of Bliſs, my Sire's adopted Sons."
Rapt at the Sound the Juſt, a ſhining Train,
The yielding Clouds divide, by Angel Wings
Convoy'd in Triumph thro' th' aerial Space,
With Hallelujahs, and the dulcet Strain
Of Harps reſounding. Round his Throne the Judge

The gather'd Faithful ranks in ſev'ral Files
Proportion'd to their Worth, all Stars ordain'd
Orbs to relume by Satan and his Crew
Rebellious voided, but in Glory each
From each now diff'ring, as on Earth their Deeds.
How vaſt the Rapture, infinite the Joy
From Breaſt to Breaſt rebounding! how inflam'd
With Love ineffable the Bridegroom burns,
To meet the pure unſpotted Spouſe, in all
The heighten'd Charms of Piety array'd!
How the Redeemer with Complacence hails,
The glorious Ranſom of his precious Blood,
His Saints, from ev'ry Quarter of the Globe
Conven'd, Aſſeſſors of his Throne, to hear
Guilt ſentenc'd, and applaud her righteous Doom!
SEE! on the Left what Conſternation broods
O'er all the louring Proſpect! how deſponds
The miſcreant Throng! how frantic ev'ry Look,
And ſpeaking Geſture! what a Burſt of Groans

Declares

Declares the direful Bodings of their Soul!
For now the Wicked, like a ruſhing Sea
Turbid with ſtormy Guſts, their cited Numbers
Pour round the Bar, and deluge all the Plain.
Luſt, Murder, Avarice, and rancour'd Hate,
And Perſecution, varniſht o'er with Zeal,
And foul Hypocriſy, beneath the Veil
Of fair Religion lurking, griſly Forms,
Touch'd by a Ray, quick flaſhing from the Throne,
Start up in native Ghaſtlineſs reveal'd.
How vain the Caitif's Artifice, which oft
O'er baffled Juſtice triumph'd, now the Judge
Omniſcient ſcans his Life, and brings to Light
Each hidden Purpoſe, each unwitneſs'd Deed!
Th' invenom'd Heart, its mazy Folds evolv'd,
And ev'ry Cell diſclos'd, where Malice ſate
Hatching dire Treaſons, Maſſacres, and Ills,
Trembles beneath a ſearching GOD. Appall'd
Heav'n's Habitants look down, with Horror viewing
Humanity degraded to a Fiend.

AH! how they writhe their Limbs, and gnaſh their Teeth,
With Tortures inly rackt, aſhamed to view
Blazon'd their crimſon Spots, afraid to meet
The Glances of Omnipotence enrag'd,
Th' offended JESUS to confront, whoſe Laws
They trampled under Foot, whoſe Name they mock'd,
And, glorying in their Scandal, ſtill rebell'd,
By all his gracious Offers unreclaim'd!
In vain to Rocks they call, in yawning Depths
To whelm their Heads abaſht. Alas! the Rocks
Soon will their fuel'd Entrails ſcatter wide,
And Nought remain a Monument of Wrath
Divine, but Man, Apoſtate Man, condemn'd
To feed th' undying Worm, to howl in Fire,
His Torments coextended with his Being.

AND now with Aſpect, kindled into Rage
Tenfold, at which Earth, Air, and Sea around
Float with redundant Flames, with Voice, at which

Trembles

Trembles Heaven's wide Circumference, the Judge
The ſtern Award enounces. "Go, Ye Curſt,
"To Fire, as everlaſting, as your Souls,
"For Satan and his impious Hoſt prepar'd."
STRAIT at the Sound deſtroying Angels pour
Their wrathful Vials o'er a World proſcrib'd,
A guilty World! which ſaw its Maker bleed.
Inceſſant Thunders thro' th' aerial Vault
Roll the big mutt'ring Peal, and Lightnings glare
Terrific thro' the Gloom. The Sun, the Moon,
With Blood diſcolour'd, o'er the darken'd Scene
Scowl Horror and Amaze: Stars from their Sphere
With hideous Ruin and Combuſtion ruſh.
Convulſive Tremors rock the reeling Earth,
And from her riven Womb, where priſon'd ſlept
Till now, in min'ral or metallic Beds,
The vengeful Miniſters, embody'd Flames
Shoot the long ſpiry Trail, and billowing puſh
O'er many a ſpacious Realm and Region wide

The ruddy Torrent. Ah! What Havock reigns!
How Deſolation o'er the proſtrate Globe
Furious her Scythe-arm'd Chariot drives, and all
Its boaſted Splendor levels with the Duſt!
Where are the Giant-Sons of Earth, the *Alps*,
And *Apennines*, the *Pyrenean* Cliffs,
Proud Boundaries of Kingdoms? Where huge *Atlas*,
Who frown'd tremendous o'er the ſubject Surge?
All, like the Snow which glitter'd on their Tops,
Melted before the Preſence of the LORD,
Are periſh'd, and no Veſtage left behind.
Ah! vaniſh'd is that Spot, for Juſtice fam'd,
Of injur'd States th' Aſylum, Queen of Iſles,
Britannia. Oh! My Country! there ſhe ſinks
Whelm'd in the fi'ry Flood, and ambient Seas,
Once her ſtrong Bulwark, but augment the Blaze.
Empires renown'd, where e'rſt Contention rag'd
To add freſh Laurels to the Victor's Brow,
Join'd in one Fate, an undiſtinguiſh'd Maſs

Of

Of Ruin lie, a Monument to ſhew
How vain Ambition's moſt ſucceſsful Toil.
The raging Tumult thickens, and Uproar,
'Midſt Nature's Groans, and Cruſh of Elements
Holds her licentious Anarchy. The Pow'rs
Of Heaven are ſhaken, and yon pillar'd Arch,
Earth's gorgeous Canopy, with fervent Heat
Melts, like a Scroll convolv'd, to viewleſs Air,
Th' auguſt Aſſize now finiſh'd 'midſt the loud
Plaudits of wond'ring Angels, Darkneſs drops
The Curtain o'er Creation. Oh! what Plaints
What Yells reſound, while rolling in the Surge
Sulphureous, kindled by the Almighty's Breath
Th' eternal Tophet, Myriads howl and wiſh
They in the gen'ral Wreck cou'd loſe their Being!
His Ways aſſerted, and unerring Right
In each proportion'd Recompenſe diſplay'd,
The Judge all-glorious riſes from his Throne,
And with his bright Retinue wings his Car

Triumphal thro' the Skies, to heavenly Sion
In radiant Pomp aſcending. Angels ſtrike
Their golden Chords, and Melody divine
Exulting thro' the ætherial Region floats.
On their gay Foreheads amaranthine Crowns
Of Joy, immortal Praiſes in their Mouths,
The ranſom'd Saints their Saviour hail, and loud
Hoſannas from unnumber'd Voices pour'd
Swell the glad Jubilee. Heav'n's op'ning Portals
Shook with the feſtive Acclamations ring.

FINIS.

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II. *On the Wiſdom of the* SUPREME BEING, for the Year 1756.